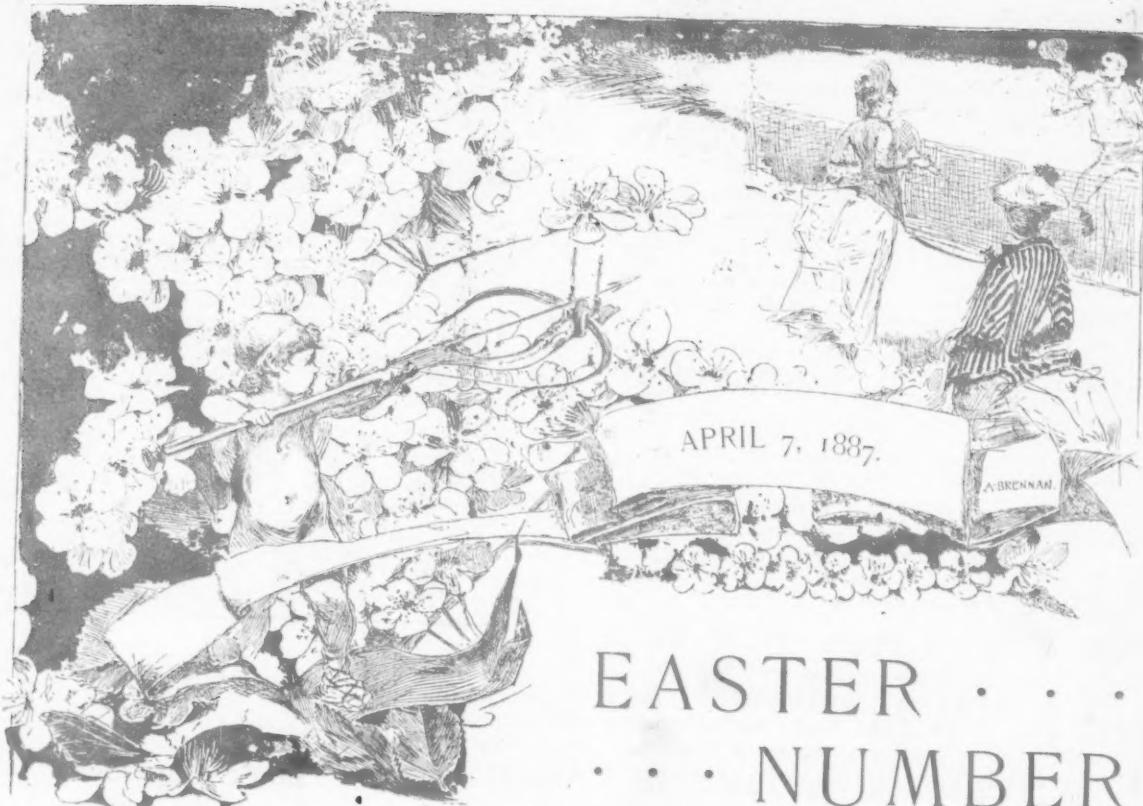


VOLUME IX.

NUMBER 223.

# LIFE.

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1155 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK.

## THE DECORATIVE CRAZE.

THERE ONCE WAS AN ACTRESS BURLESQUE, WHO'D AN EYE FOR THE QUAIN'T PICTURESQUE; SO THE SCREENS O'ER THE LIGHTS, SHE PAINTED O' NIGHTS, IN A WAY THAT WAS TRULY GROTESQUE.



A FESTIVE YOUNG DAME DE BALLET, CARING SAUGHT WHAT THE "FRONT ROW" SAY, HAS GREAT FAITH  
AND HOPE IN PACKER'S TAR SOAP WASHING THE WHOLE SCANDAL AWAY.

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PUBLISHED BY

**HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.**

**MARK TWAIN** with his own humorous comments thereon. The paper is entitled  
**"ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT."**

The following quotations give an idea of some of the quaint definitions of words made by children, wherein the sound of the word, or the look of it on paper, has misled the child :

*Aborigines*, a system of mountains.  
*Alias*, a good man in the Bible.  
*Asiatic*, state of being an acid.  
*Awfulous*, pertaining to an orifice.  
*Amonian*, the food of the gods.  
*Capillary*, a little caterpillar.  
*Emolument*, a headstone to a grave.  
*Equestrian*, one who asks questions.

These are some examples of sentences in "Grammar," "Mathematics," etc.

Gender is the distinguishing nouns without regard to sex. A verb is something to eat.

Adverbs should always be used as adjectives and adjectives as adverbs.

Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

When they are going to say some prose or poetry, before they say the poetry or prose they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry.

The article is full of delightful things like the above; the chapter on "History" being especially good.

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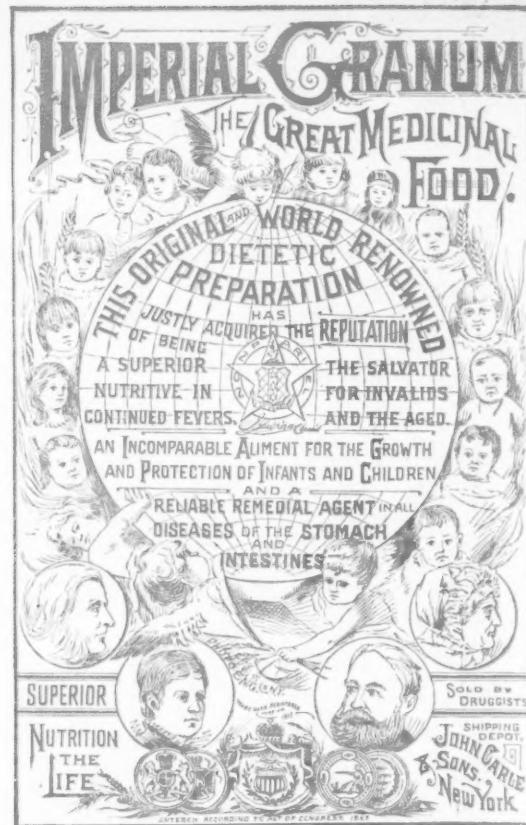
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VOLUME IX.  
No. 223.

# LIFE

APRIL 7TH,  
1887.

## THE ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

**A**S I was walking out one day,  
Sir Cupid by the way I met,  
Who held a flickering heart, wherefrom  
He strove to light—a cigarette!



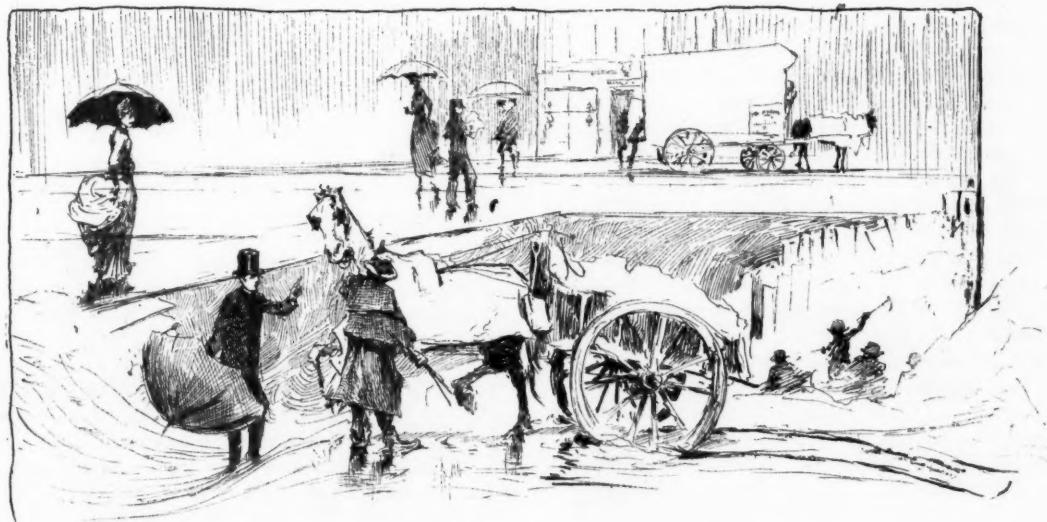
And as I passed I heard him say,  
"Deuce take this heart of a coquette;  
The flame's too fickle, I declare,  
To even light a cigarette!"

*O tempora!* has it come to this?  
*O mores!* is the end not yet?  
When Love has ta'en the fire of Love  
To light a passing cigarette!



When hearts designed alone to make  
Such matches as from heaven we get,  
Are turned by this outrageous boy  
To matches for a cigarette!

*O. H.*



## REPARTEE.

*Excited Member of the S.P.C.A.:* SEE HERE, I'LL ARREST YOU IF YOU STRIKE THAT POOR HORSE AGAIN! LET ME REMIND YOU THAT "HE WHO MADE THEE, MADE THE OTHER BRUTE."

*Angry Cartman:* ARREST ME, IS IT? YE'D BETTER ARREST YER MITHER FUR TAYCHIN' YE TER WALK ABOUT ON YER HIND LEGS!



# LIFE

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX.

APRIL 7, 1887.

No. 223.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

BEGINNING with the current issue, the publication day of LIFE will be Tuesday instead of Monday.

\* \* \*

THE world is materially duller for the loss of Mr. Travers. He has long been an eminent example of how a man may be a boon to his fellows and a solace to mankind, by having just as much fun as possible under all circumstances. It is believed that he had a very good time himself, and certainly he did his share to make it cheerful for the rest of us. He will be sincerely mourned by a great many people who knew him, and regretted besides by a vast number who never had the advantage of his society.

\* \* \*

IN view of Mr. Travers' continuous interest in all that pertained to athletic sports, it is safe to say that he would have rejoiced in the latest educational departure at Harvard. The Cambridge Summer School of Athletics is to be conducted this summer by Dr. Sargent, in the Heminway Gymnasium, and is intended to fit young people of both sexes (we believe) to spread the science of physical culture abroad in the land. It is a good thing. The muscles are worth developing; chests should be deeper, and shoulders set farther back; and any movement that tends toward the development of the lungs, and the subjugation of the liver, increases human happiness and benefits the race. In particular Dr. Sargent's school deserves to be fostered as a possible antidote for the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord. Concord and Cambridge are not far apart, and it may be possible for ambitious persons to be pupils in both schools coincidentally, and temper their abnormal intellectuality by reasonable cultivation of their physiques.

\* \* \*

LIFE entirely agrees with the esteemed Indianapolis Journal, that the President might do worse than to take a course this summer in Dr. Sargent's school, though better still for him, perhaps, would be to hire some professor of self-defence to knock him about daily at the White House

until his vacation sets in, and then, under capable direction, try mountain climbing. The *Mail and Express* says that is a panacea, but should not be attempted by an amateur except under supervision of a competent physician. For such supervisor and accomplice we cheerfully suggest Dr. Ward, of Albany, the companion of Mr. Cleveland's fishing expeditions. No doubt the ascent of such hills as are to be found in the Adirondacks or the neighboring White Mountains would do them both good, and soothe those prophets of evil who declare that the President will die of sitting in a chair.

\* \* \* \*

THE *Coronet* got there considerably ahead, and LIFE is glad of it. Not that we should have been any less pleased if the *Dauntless* had won, but it is scriptural to rejoice with those who rejoice—a wise provision which minimizes the possibility of losing any chance to "holler." The particular thing to be glad of is that both yachts got comfortably across in spite of the boisterous weather, and that no one was hurt. Wine with you, Mr. Bush! Here's to you, Captain Crosby!

\* \* \* \*

NEVER mind, Captain Samuels. You got your book out in good time, and it's a first-rate book.

\* \* \* \*

A VERY prevalent complaint which threatens to become an epidemic, concerns the propensity of rich men's sons to get themselves into very serious trouble. It is easy to imagine how it may be a matter of anxious consideration for the big and recent rich, whether it is advisable for them to try to raise their male issue or not. When a boy who has the command of money has a bad face, he is apt to drop farther, and with a much more hopeless thud than the decadent progeny of the comparatively worthy poor. It is a solemn undertaking for a rich man to raise boys.

\* \* \* \*

ALL the more credit to the late Mr. Vanderbilt, who seems to have had very fair success with his. Thank you, Mr. Cornelius, for the "Horse Fair." We are your humble servants, sir; more power to your pocket!

\* \* \* \*

AND speaking of sons, everyone knows what trials good Queen Vic. had with Wales. It appears now that his royal highness bids fair to learn to sympathize with his mother. There is a prince-kin who will be king of England some day, if nothing prevents, of whom various tales come scurrying across the water. This poor young creature has the misfortune to be as susceptible as other lads of his age, and is as ready any day to fall in love as to eat his dinner. It devolves upon his father to keep him straight-laced and strait-jacketed until the proper princess appears, and considering the heir presumptive's antecedents we do not envy the heir-apparent his job.

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LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENT CRAZE IN  
BREAST-PINS.

DORA, you're a pretty miss,  
One that I would love to kiss,  
But I can't.  
For, if I were to essay,  
You would check me with a "nay."  
Or, "you shan't."  
One would know you for a flirt,  
Seeing you adjust your skirt  
With a tug;  
While upon your shapely breast  
Crawls, in golden harness drest,  
A live bug.  
Though the "buglet's" chain is short.  
He is free — too free — to court;  
(Lucky knave!)  
For his stamping-ground's your heart,  
Of all parts the very part  
That I crave.  
Your sweet smiles are not for me;  
So I'm jealous when I see  
(O, dull pain!)  
That obnoxious, captive bug,  
Rub his head against your jug —  
— U — lar vein.  
If his "Bugness" knew my case  
He might offer me his place,  
And his mask.  
Since you'll not grant me your hand,  
Let me, chained thus, ever stand  
On your basque.

J. C. C.



FORCE OF HABIT.

*Over-worked Hotel Clerk: No mail; breakfast from seven to ten; lunch at one; dinner, six to eight; bar-room, down the corridor on the right.*



IN THE MOVEMENT.

I HAVE BEEN TOLD DAT YER HAVE BOUNCED JIMMY OLIVER WIDOUT SUFFICIENT GROUNDS. NOW, I'VE COME TER TELL YER DAT I'M SECRETARY OF DE DOUGHNUT BITERS' PERTECTIVE UNION, AN' DAT YER'VE NOT ONLY GOT TER TAKE JIMMY BACK AGIN, BUT DAT YER'VE GOT TER SUPPLY DE ASSOCIATION WID MILK AN' CANDIES FER A WEEK, OR DERE'LL BE EVERY WINDER IN DE PLACE BROKE, AN' DON'T CHER FERGIT IT!

PARTIALITY.

BUT forty days we can afford,  
To cease from dinner, dance and revel;  
This time's but "lent" unto the Lord;  
The rest we give unto the devil.

G. E. Throop.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

BROWN: Aw, John, was Mr. Smith in heah yesterday?

JOHN: Yessir.

BROWN: Did he awsk awfter me?

JOHN: Yessir.

BROWN: What did you tell him?

JOHN: Told him you had gone for the day.

BROWN: Well, what did he say to that?

JOHN: "Good enough" was 'is werry words, sir.

THE Higginsville *Courier* says: "We are happy to say positively to our many readers that there *is* a Mr. James Brown Potter." It is gratifying to feel sure that the study of the microscope is so earnest and so successful in Higginsville.



## ETYMOLOGICAL.

**N**OW the melted snows of winter  
From the gutters deep escape will,  
And by aping flowing rivers  
Give a name to sunny Ape-riil,

\* \* \*

**T**HE Boston *Courier* says that a man with a large family of daughters seldom keeps a dog.

Not in Massachusetts, at any rate. The surplus of femininity there seems to warrant the assertion that dogs are not needed.

\* \* \*

**E**DWIN BOOTH is said to object to matinée performances on the ground that night is the proper time for stars to shine.

\* \* \*

**O**LIVER WENDELL HOLMES states that he was once offered pay for a poem in praise of a certain stove polish, but declined.

We see no good reason why the good Doctor should decline to sing the praises of a certain stove polish. If the stove polish were uncertain matters would be different.

\* \* \*



VERY CATCHING.

\* \* \*

**T**HE fact that William was a man of peace probably gave rise to the proverb, "The Penn is mightier than the sword."

\* \* \*

**I**T is too bad that Judge Hilton did not supplement Mr. Vanderbilt's gift to the Metropolitan Museum with the \$66,000 Meissonier.

Water-carrier di Cesnola would have had a grand opportunity to make a composite painting of the two masterpieces if the Judge had been generous.

**T**HE sun will go out, according to Sir William Thomson, in ten million years.

Good! This will give the Standard Oil Company a chance; and for warmth, we always have our politics.

\* \* \*

**H**E who seeks nourishment in overcooked meats is needlessly extravagant—chips are cheaper, says a gastronomic philosopher, who doesn't know what it is to take a friend's hand at poker.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Emperor William, it is said, is determined to live until Adam Badeau is dead. He trembles to think of the personal anecdotes that might be told of him.

\* - \* \*

**T**HE man who spoke of the editor of the *Drawer* in *Harper's Magazine* as Charles Deadly Warning, was not far wrong if he knew of him simply as the Humorous Adviser of the great publishing house.

\* \* \*

**W**ITH Mr. Goblet at the head of affairs in France, the European Republic should be a great water-power in the land.

\* \* \*

**I**F the High License bill becomes a law the rumsellers are going to retaliate with a bill increasing the water rates. What effect the success of such a measure will have on the milk industry is likely to become a serious question.

\* \* \*

**S**INCE Columbia beat Harvard on the water and the other colleges on the baseball field, she has done considerable booming as a university.

If she can only repeat the successes of last season, we see no reason why a degree from Columbia should not be quite as good as one from Harvard or Yale.

\* \* \*

**A** YONKERS dentist has recently failed because another man had a better pull than he.

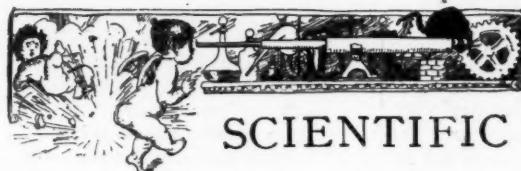
\* \* \*

**T**HERE never was a counterfeit nickel in this world that did not eventually find its bob-tail car.

\* \* \*

**I**T is rather hard on Mrsjamesbrownpotter that she and Buffalo Bill will be rivaling each other in London at the same time.

If the lady would only join forces with the Wild West Show the aggregate would give the American eagle such a chance to scream that the Queen's Jubilee would be as silent as a Presidential candidate on the Tariff question.



## THE RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES.

YEARS ago, when noting the changes in the earth's surface, scientists proclaimed that the shores of New Jersey were sinking; while, on the other hand, those of Norway were rising. They proved their case by personal inspection—first riding over the salt marshes (between New York and Newark) and then consulting pictures of Norway cliffs in back numbers of the *London Graphic*.



This statement made it plain to the sovereign people of New Jersey, that some mighty power was fooling with their State, and they asked themselves the question: "What can be done to remedy the evil?"

Then, like true Yankees, they went to work to find the answer. They hired the *Herald* chart maker to draw a profile map of the situation, and he has just completed his work.

The map shows the depression of the New Jersey and upheaval of the Norway coast, as compared with the surrounding surface of the earth. The substratum of Jersey mud extends down from the ocean's bed, and forms a belt of submarine soil from the state on one side to the kingdom on the other. As the Norway coast rises, it draws after it, by the suction system, this immense belt of mud, and New Jersey being fastened to the opposite end, is naturally obliged to follow—thus sinking slowly but surely below its former clothes-line altitude.

The extent of Norway's robbery will be fully appreciated by observing that her coast is already high enough to be snow-capped; while that of Jersey does not even rise to the low-water mark—or even to the requirement of a sunset gun.

The arrows show the direction in which the mass is moving—Norwayward. Above, upon the surface of the ocean, will be observed the steamer *Thingvalla*.

Please bear in mind that the above map is made in accordance with the theory of Columbus, *i. e.*, that the earth is round. *LIFE*, however, will not hold itself responsible for any miscalculation in this direction.

Certainly the result is astounding. The map shows the whole affair to be a clear case of national poaching.

Norway's crags draw thousands of tourists to her shores, consequently her cliffs are valuable. But, like a true monopolist, she is

not satisfied with the earth, and is trying to better herself, even at the expense of a weaker neighbor; by an underground, siphonlike arrangement (see map) she saps the land from New Jersey. The malarial gases on the surface of our State press it down, while the rarefied air of cold Norway constantly lifts that country. Thus the natural agencies work, and Jersey falls while Norway rises.

What will be the ultimate result? Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and Long Branch will some day be watering-places in Norway.

Now, the only thing New Jersey gains by this is—*atmosphere*; for, by a well-known scientific law (*Huxley*, vol. viii., p. 1113), Nature abhors a vacuum; consequently, as the Yankee's land sinks, air rushes in to fill the vacant space.

Thanks to kind fate, her politicians, seeing a chance for patronage, will incorporate the matter into the next canvass as a "local issue," and thus aid their State—by the appointment of a Special Commission, which will be sent abroad, under fat salaries, and all expenses paid.

The members of this commission will at once inspect the soil of Norway, and if they find in it any traces of Jersey mud, they will have *prima facie* evidence (*Evarts, Rulings on Mud*, vol. ii., sec. 8, p. 27) of a fraud, and act accordingly.

First procuring an injunction against further trespass, they will present to the king of those parts, the claim of New Jersey, *viz.*:

1. \$100 per cubic foot for all soil taken from the State of New Jersey, U. S. A.; or,
2. Send back, by the *Thingvalla* Line, all

## SCALE.

1 8 500 2 9 184 16 1 1/2

rocks and dirt wrongfully acquired.

And the king of those parts will doubtless accept the latter mode of reparation.

Wallace Peck.



## VERY LIKELY.

*Inquisitive Old Party: MY GOOD MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME WHO IS DEAD?*

*Newly Arrived Hibernian: NO, YER HONOR, BUT OI THINK IT'S THE GINTLEMAN IN THE HEARSE YONDER.*

## A SKETCH OF ISAAC NEWTON.

Written for a Forthcoming Encyclopædia, with a view to animate the Encyclopedic style.

ISAAC NEWTON, who, coming after Bacon, may be styled the stepfather of English Science, first saw the light in Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642; but his investigations of the luminiferous ether at this date were not as profound as subsequently, he being confined to the house by a severe attack of milk-crust. As Isaac's natal day was the 25th of December, his biography is invested with all the peculiar charm of a Christmas story. We will not attempt to trace Newton's lineage, but the family was of great antiquity; for Isaac's grandfather was a centenarian, and his grandmother came near being an old maid. At school, the boy soon displayed remarkable mechanical genius by constructing a pneumatic putty-blower of 48 calibre for private use; and every school-boy has heard of Ike Newton's wonderful water-clock, which struck the years, rang fire-alarms, had a shower-bath-alarm attachment, and propelled a grist-mill on the eight-hour plan. At twelve o'clock it also gave an exhibition of Niagara Falls and the Lakes of Killarney; it is known to Science as Newton's Own Waterbury. How Sir Isaac would sneer, could he see a couple of peasants come out on the front porch of a modern Swiss clock and dance a hurried jig as the hours strike! And yet this is an age in which we know it all! Isaac's attentiveness to his studies was inversely as the head-master's distance; so he was taken from school to tend the farm. But so imbued was the lad with the great idea of the conservation of energy, that he would sit down in the shade, figuring out the binomial theorem on his cuff, when he ought to have been hay-making or treating the cattle for botts. One sultry but historic summer noon, between terms at Cambridge, Newton was seated under a gnarled apple-tree in his mother's garden, perusing the fly-leaf of Descartes to keep up his reputation. High over his head a june-bug burrowed deep into the plump cheek of a large horse-apple, swaying it gently on its stem. Suddenly the leafy canopy parted, and, cleaving the air, fell with a mellow thud on the head of the absorbed student, who, starting from his brown-study, instinctively exclaimed, "Foul and Out!"—at the same time glancing nervously as if he expected to be mobbed. But remembering that it was not half-holiday at Cambridge, and perceiving that cider and equilibrium had knocked out an apple by some freak of nature, he gradually took in the gravity of the situation. As he rubbed his head, he passionately asked himself why that apple had not bounded into space with the june-bug as a joyous satellite, and thus he was led to discover that majestic force which alike precipitates the frost-bitten persimmon to the vile dust from which it sprung, wheels the planets down the ruts of time, prevents the rain-drops from diluting the milky way, and enables the right-fielder to put in his work. The invention was not believed in for sixteen years; so the Keely motor may brace up. The time-serving and primitive papers of the day ridiculed Professor Newton until he gave a trial exhibition, and succeeded. Then they dusted up an abominable woodcut of some beef-eater at the last coronation, and pictured and lauded the philosopher. Our hero's sole weakness consisted in allowing himself to be knighted by Queen Anne for manipulating a magic-lantern at one of her tea-parties; but we note with a feeling of vindictive pleasure that he got into the Royal Society without amassing a fortune in America, and giving a blow-out to the Prince of Wales. Newton was the most patient and gentle of men. A bench-legged terrier of his once upset a candle and destroyed reams of priceless manuscript. Yet there was no hot word, no angry kick for the luckless brute. There was merely a new dogskin rug on the library floor next day. We owe much to this celebrated man. His researches in optics gave us everything from the single eye-glass to the aurora borealis; and in literature the Differential Calculus immortalizes his name, but it is not detraction to say that a *Key to Todhunter's Algebra* would have more endeared him to the student world.

Eureka Bendall.

## AD SIMPLICITATEM.

FOLLY, you're the girl to love,  
Always smiling, and as trim  
As the hand within your glove—  
As the hand you'll give to him  
Who, one dear and dreamy day,  
Bending over you, shall say:  
"All my brain is strangely stirred,  
Thinking of your pretty face  
Peeping from the folds of lace—  
Musing on a whispered word—  
All my heart is in a whirl"—  
Folly, you're the girl!

What you know is very slight,  
Measured by a scholar's books;  
Logic—what is wrong or right,—  
Mathematics—in your looks,  
Full of double curved lines  
And of plus and minus signs;  
Language—limited to one,  
Rich in fascinating flaws,  
Disobeying grammar laws,  
Half in earnest, half in fun,  
Yet with every word a pearl:—  
Folly, you're the girl!

Books hold but a minor part  
Of the lore a girl should know:  
Better is the constant heart,  
Constant now, and ever so;  
Giving all its love to make  
Life a heaven for Love's sake.  
This is wisdom of the wise:  
This it is belongs to you,  
Shining brightly in those two  
Soft and sympathetic eyes—  
Giving man's poor heart a twirl—  
Folly, you're the girl!

*Idle Idyller.*



IT IS STATED THAT THE MASSAGE TREATMENT, OR "LAYING ON OF HANDS," WAS MUCH IN VOGUE DURING THE EARLY ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.



## THE THACKERAY LETTER.

THE lovers of Thackeray have, for all these years since his death, carried with them the memory of a benignant, kindly man, who made rare sport of the foibles of men and women, while his heart was tender toward them. No adequate biography of him has been written to prove that this ideal Thackeray was the real one. But now a series of his unpublished letters is being made public through *Scribner's Magazine*, which show how lovable a man was the real Thackeray, who dined, and traveled, and slept, and had his little likes and dislikes, and unreasonable prejudices after the manner of all humanity. These letters can cause no revulsion of feeling, such as the Carlyle letters awakened. Indeed, those who may have still believed that there was something of the cynic about Thackeray, will now be compelled to own that he was a man, sincere, honest, genuine; that he often made jests

while his heart was breaking, and that in his nature there were depths of emotion and faith which his published books have hardly revealed.

The letters are a permanent contribution to good literature.

*Droch.*

## • NEW BOOKS •

*A CLUB OF ONE.* Passages from the Note-Book of a Man who might have been Sociable, with Marginal Summary by the Editor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The Lovely Wang.* A Bit of China. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Leisure Hour Series, No. 190. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE April number of the *Century* is of unusual interest and exceeding rich in illustrations. For frontispiece there is an excellent portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and a good portrait of this master is always welcome. The whole number is made up of so many articles which must be read, and most of them illustrated in such reckless profusion that we feel like rebuking our neighbors for their extravagance. "Abraham Lincoln" is, as its projectors intended, as much a history of his time as of the man himself, and is laden with that knowledge for which all good citizens should thirst.

## SCRAPS.

IN view of the popular expression, "Every once in a while," would it not be well to decide how many onces there are in a while?

BOSTON people have ceased speaking of a man as a book agent. He is now a book agent-leman. The word "expanse," too, is tabooed in polite circles, owing to the allusion in the last syllable.

THE knowledge that "murder on the high seas" is an extraditable offense has caused great consternation among *debutante* vocalists.

A DISTINGUISHED dead-linguist states that salve is not a good name for a corn remedy. Instead of corn-salve, he would have corn-vale.

THE reason that evil flourishes like the green bay-tree, is because money is the root of it.

THE new Governor of Pennsylvania is appropriately named. Proud is the State that wears a Beaver on its head.



EPICUREAN.

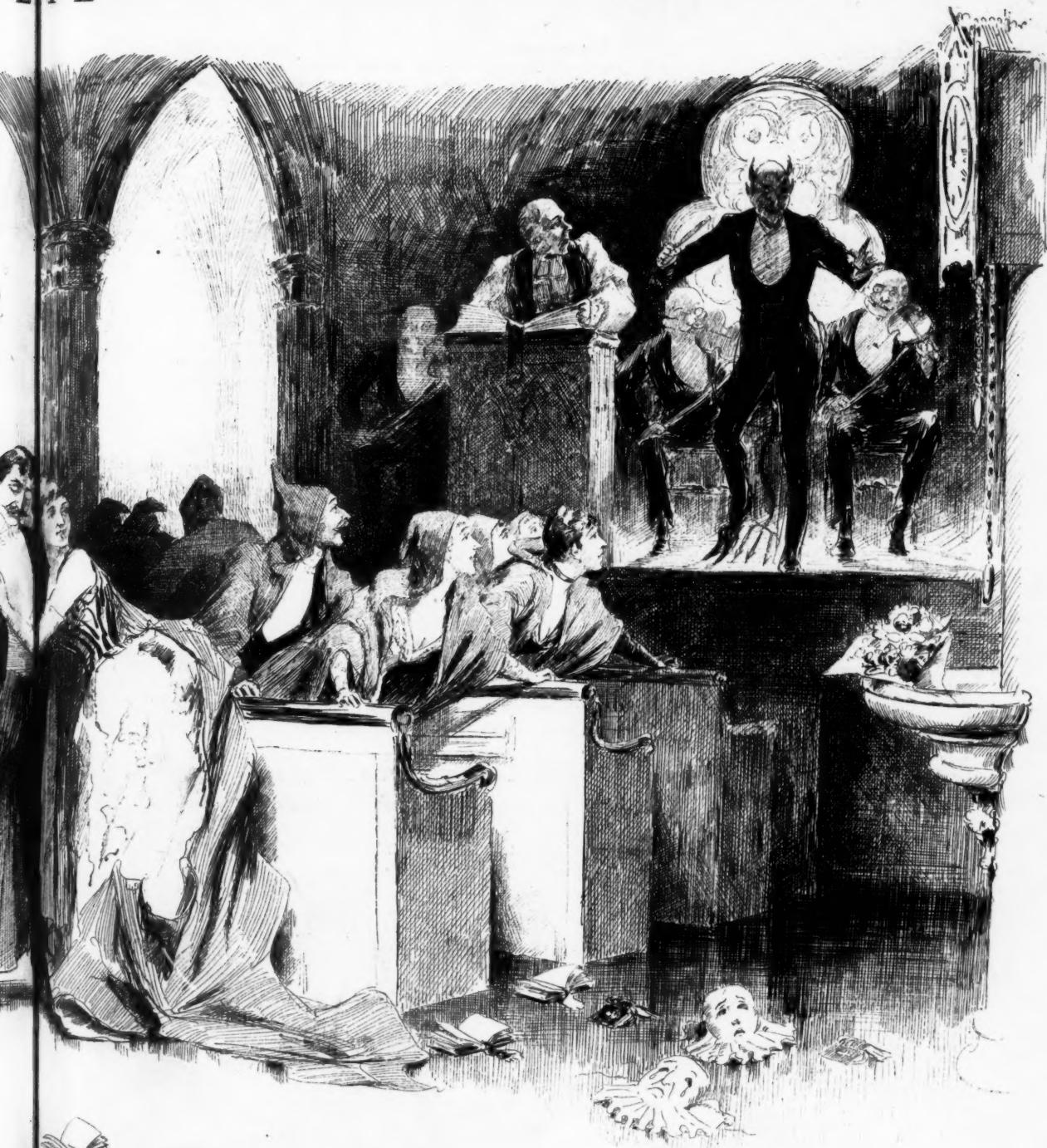
Waiter: DO YOU PREFER A DRY CHAMPAGNE?  
Country Bridegroom: OH NO, WET!

• LIFE



THE LAST OF  
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE

LFE •



LAST OF LENT.

MINUTES BEFORE EASTER.

## TO CELIA.

I WOULD not kiss you if I could—  
I would not press your hand, I swear;  
'Twere vain t'undo your silken snood,  
To tempt me with your golden hair.  
  
My arm abhors your dainty waist;  
My head upon your virgin breast  
Nor comfort can, nor rapture taste,  
But sighs for pillows and for rest.  
  
My eyes I close and turn away,  
If but an ankle steal in sight.  
And to your rippling laughter gay  
I shut my ears with all my might.  
  
And, yes, though you're the brightest miss,  
That ever babbled French at school,  
If you believe one word of this,  
I'll laugh and call you—*April fool.*



A SMALL port bottle received at LIFE office last night confirms our suspicion that the ocean yacht race is over and that the *Coronet* wears the victor's jib. It contained a clipping from the *World* of last Monday, profusely illustrated with pictures of porous plasters showing the various positions which the winner occupied during the voyage, and announcing that through the enterprise of Mr. Pulitzer the yacht had that moment been sighted off Roche's Point.

The record of the *Coronet* is a fair one considering the difficulties she had to overcome. It is not so marvelous, however, as to cause any uneasiness in steamship circles, Captain Cook of the Cunarder *Etruria* feeling certain that his vessel is by all odds the faster in all respects, even including the passengers.

The sufferings on board the *Dauntless*, which arrived at Cork some days before she was sighted, form a horrible tale, which we would repeat were it not that it is copyrighted by our E. C. the N. Y. *Times*.

We may, however, editorially allude to the horrible situation in which the sailors and guests on the *Dauntless* found themselves after the third day out. The loss of the water-tank and four barrels of salted codfish brought them face to face with a most awful dilemma. The gallant yachtsmen had to choose between death by starvation or a surfeit. They chose the latter, and for thirteen days the devoted men lived on champagne, shad roe, *filet à la Delmonico*, deviled crab, and *pâté de foie gras*. Not one scrap of hard-tack or Croton remained to them. Yet they survived, and up to this hour not one has been heard to murmur. It is not often that the world is called upon to applaud such heroism, and if Captain Samuels and his men do not transpire to be the children of Immortality, it will be because Immortality is a hard-hearted, unappreciative father.

Her Imperial Majesty, the Queen of England, has graciously intimated that she will accept the *Coronet* as a Jubilee present, should Mr. Bush see fit to offer his treasure. Mr. Bush, we are told, can be persuaded to see fit for the small sum of £30,000.

\* \* \*

A PROPOS of the *Coronet*'s aristocratic title, we think it most inappropriate for a Republican vessel. We think if Mr. Bush was particularly set in naming his ship after some particular headgear, he

should have chosen something more American. "The Liberty Cap," "Jonathan's Fur Hat," or "The Theatre Bonnet," would have been better than the *Coronet*, and would have signified that she "goes on ahead" just as well as the Anglomaniacal title.

\* \* \*

CAPTAIN BOYTON, whose progress toward the New Jersey Coast in a rubber suit was arrested by a sportive wave which toyed with the swimmer to an unexpected degree, has been baled out by his friends, and will float from Albany to New York on a cake of ice this week.

The Captain's contributions to science have been most interesting, and it is to be hoped that he will crown a life of glorious achievement by swimming up Niagara Falls. Those who doubt that it requires genius to float on the bosom of the Atlantic until picked up by a passing steamer would be convinced by such an achievement as the Niagara experiment, and perhaps the owners of the Dodge statue would permit the bronze effigy of the great water expert to sit on top of the piece of corrugated sewer pipe, against which the late philanthropist is made to lean so elegantly and gracefully. A fountain shared thus would be a most affecting testimonial to undying greatness.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

PATTI is here, and it only costs seven dollars to sit in the orchestra and hear her sing! Yet we know for a certainty that many a sordid New Yorker would rather have fourteen dollars in his pocket than take his wife to the opera. To this have we sunk, we brutes! Mme. Adelina Patti and Mr. Henry E. Abbey deserve all the money they can get, and they mean to get all they can lay their hands on. We are a mighty people, we Americans; but we have our little peculiarities, like many a barnyard fowl, and if properly worked we are well worth visiting. Seven dollars!

And the mortifying feature of it is that every seat will be taken. When we recall the Morgan sale, it really seems as if there were no limit to our intelligence.

## JUST OFF THE "DAUNTLESS."

HOST: Have a glass of champagne, Charlie; it will do you good.

YACHTSMAN: No, thank you; I've drunk nothing but wine for the past four days. Water-tank burst, you know.



OUR OLD FRIEND BOOGS, WHO KNOWS NEW YORK IN THE SPRING, IS PREPARING FOR A VISIT TO THE CITY.



EITHER PERJURED HIMSELF, OR HAD REMARKABLE FEET.

"Now, you say, Mr. Kolby, that you stood outside, and, looking over the fence, saw the defendant here strike Mr. Smith."

"Yes, sah."

"How tall are you, Kolby?"

"Bout five foot six, sah."

"Then tell me, if you please, how you could stand and look over a nine-foot fence?"

"I stood on my tiptoes, sah."

HOW TO POPULARIZE RELIGION.

*P*UCK thinks that doing away with the contribution box would tend to popularize religion, and the Norristown *Herald* believes that the absence of the sermon might help.

Both contemporaries speak truly; but we think the choir ought to go too. We won't say where they should go to, because no man is certain where he will bring up himself, and we hope to keep clear of the choir as long as we are alive or dead.

WANTED TO KNOW THE TUNE.

*M*ISS BROWN: You say you have left college, Mr. Platt?

*M*r. PLATT (*very dignified and with an air*): Yes, I am at present tutor to the Taylor children.

*S*MALL BROTHER OF MISS B. (*much interested*): I say, what can you *tool*?

*M*R. O'HOOLIHAN, commenting on the number of deaths that occurred this late cold season, remarked that there "were payple doiying neow that niver doied befoore!"

SUBLIME ASSURANCE.

"*S*AY, lend me your umbrella, will you?"

"Why, it's raining yet!"

"Well, that's the reason I want it."

*C*APTAIN BOYTON should spell his name Buoyton.

JUST CAME TO HANNED.

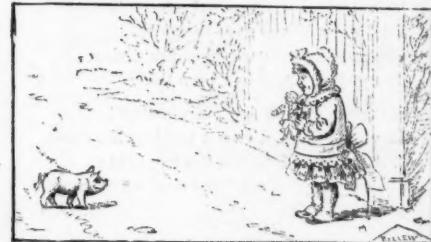
*T*HERE was a young man who had planned,

To purchase a small piece of lanned,

But he spent all his boodle

In buying a poodle,

Which every one told him was granned.



"Oh, mama! come and see ze dear 'ittle tiney, tawny 'ittle piggy-wiggy."



"Nice piggy—n-n-n-ice 'ittle piggy—go way!"



"Boo-oooh! ooh! M-a-a-a-mar!"

## • LIFE •



YOU ARE THE YOUNG MAN WHO THOUGHT OF HAVING ME ON TOAST, ARE YOU?

FOR FORM'S SAKE.

WHEN I behold her taper waist  
Within its bodice snugly laced,  
Then say I, "Love, no figure rare  
With thine can even half compare."

"Could Paris (who with bumpkin's eyes,  
To dumpy Venus gave the prize),  
Have seen thy hour-glass form divine,  
The golden apple had been thine."

She gives a quivering gasp, a start!  
Have I — no, I've not touched her heart,  
'Tis fashion's fetter makes her pant;  
She's trying to draw her breath—and can't.

H. D. C.

THE Household says: "The coming woman will walk five miles a day."

It will take her a long time to get here at that rate.

THE best singer is the one who can reach the highest notes.

Musical and bank notes are both included in this remark.

CARTER HARRISON is said to have an eye on the Vice-Presidency.

Chicago is a good preparatory school for Vice.

ORD TENNYSON has issued his Jubilee poem, and some driblets of it have come over the cable. The occasion is fit to inspire the Laureate to a greater effort than is common. LIFE hopes his American critics will suspend judgment on his performance until they get the whole *Carmen sacculare*, with the t's crossed and the i's dotted, and the stops all in place. The practice of drawing conclusions from disjointed fragments of new poetry by Tennyson and Browning, strung on a wire, is unfair.

SHE WAS NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE GAME.

IT was the day before Easter, and she (being inclined that way) was arranging the flowers. Her escort, having no taste in decoration, sauntered out of church, and, returning, offered her two fine Winter Nellis pears.

"I can't take them now," said she, "my hands are full." Then she wondered why some of the more worldly of the bystanders laughed, when he said, sadly (and perhaps reminiscently, being inclined that way), "Why not? A full hand takes two pairs."

THE vice precedent of our society. Rum.

ABSOLUTELY FLIRTATION PROOF.

WIFE of a rich rural Californian at her first grand dinner.

THE COLONEL OFFERS HIS ARM: I am to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner, Mrs. A.

RICH RURAL WIFE: Go 'long with you; my husband is here; take your own wife out!

REGINALD: "And now, Miss Daisy, your brother is going to sing "Salve Dimora." Can he take high C?"

UNMUSICAL MISS DAISY: Oh, yes; he takes everything he can get!



AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.

He: NOW THAT THE DANGER IS ALL PAST, DARLING, REMOVE YOUR VEIL AND LET ME GAZE AGAIN ON THAT CHARMING FACE. HOW NICELY WE OUTWITTED THE OLD MAN, DIDN'T WE.

She (removing veil): OI DOAN' KNOW ABOUT *that*, SIR. MISS HELEN'S FAVTHER LOCKED HER IN TH' CHELLAR ABOOT AN HOUR AGONE, AN' OI JIS' KEM ALONG TER KAPE YEZ FROM BEIN' DISHAPPINTED.



AS GOOD AS A DIVIDEND.

"**G**REAT accident on our road!" exclaimed the private secretary as he rushed in on the president.  
"What—where?"  
"At Four-Mile Creek, an hour ago."  
"Many killed?"  
"Yes, forty or fifty."  
"Thank Heaven! If only two or three had been killed we'd have had to pay \$5,000 apiece for them. If forty or fifty are mashed we can plead that it was a dispensation of Providence."—*Wall Street News*.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"I BEG your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat." "Oh, pray excuse me! I thought it was my husband's."—*Burdette*.

The late Mr. William R. Travers liked Bermuda enormously, but it would seem that he found its comforts not altogether unalloyed. A friend who recently visited him there was congratulating him on his improved appearance.

"This is a grand place for change and rest," said his friend. "Just what you needed."

"Yes," replied Mr. Travers, sadly. "Th-th-this is a magn-ni-nificent place f-f-f-for b-b-both. The ni-ni-niggers look out f-f-f-for the ch-ch-ch-change, and the hotel ke-ke-keepers take th-th-the rest."—*Town Topics*.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Here are two cable despatches—one to the effect that war in Europe is inevitable, and the other that peace is assured. Which do you want used?

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Which did we publish yesterday?

ASSISTANT EDITOR: War.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Then use peace to-day. People want variety.—*Puck*.

COMPETING FOR A PRIZE.

"YOU will want to enter something for the county fair, I suppose, Mr. Hayseed?" said the chairman of the agricultural society.  
"Waal, yes," replied Mr. Hayseed; "you kin put me down for the biggest hog in the county."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

IN FULL DRESS.

"WHY, mamma!" said little Mary, looking up from a catalogue of the Stewart collection, where there was a picture of the "Greek Slave," "did people really ever dress like that?"—*Harper's Bazaar*.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

WAITER: I beg pardon, Mr. Brown, but you don't order such dinners as your boys.

MR. BROWN: Umph! My father isn't as rich as theirs.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE COMPOSITE MUGWUMP PHOTOGRAPH.

A CHICAGO photographer has been much interested in the subject of composite photography, as illustrated in the March *Century*. A few days ago he took a negative of a Chinese idol, by way of experiment, and by successively superimposing thereupon the negatives of a rhinoceros, a donkey, a King Charles spaniel, a pelican, a gorilla, a Flat-head Indian, and a Dutch cheese, he has secured a pretty fair photograph of a mugwump.—*Chicago Tribune*.



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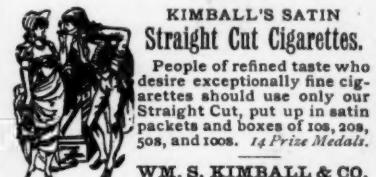
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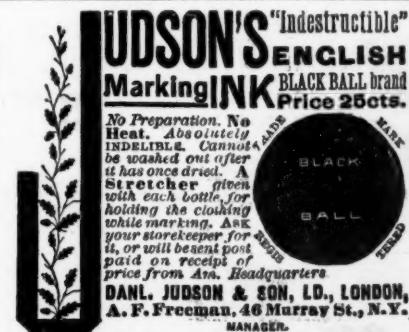
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ROW BOATS.

Patent, smooth, self-calling seams, and a new method of fastening ribs, seats and beams. The best and most beautiful work in the market. Send 4c. for Catalogues.

THE hanging of the Anarchists having been postponed until next fall, these gentlemen will spend the summer in Chicago. Some people call this a reprieve.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

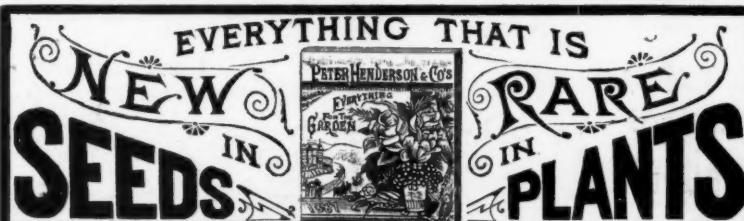


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